

MEXICO DIRECTORY.

HENRY C. RIDER,  
Publisher DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL. Job  
work of all kinds, executed on short  
notice with neatness and dispatch.

STONE, ROBINSON & CO.,  
Main St., Manufacturers of Clothing  
to Order, and Dealers in Dry Goods,  
Ready made Clothing, Hats, Caps,  
Boots & Shoes, Oil Cloths, etc. 34

E. L. HUNTINGTON,  
Dealer in Drugs, Paints, Oils & Var  
nish, Books, Stationery, Clocks, Watch  
es, Jewelry, Silver and Plated-ware.  
Main street. 34

THOMAS PEPPER,  
Manufacturer of first-class heavy, fine  
and fancy, pegged and sewed Boots,  
Shoes. Repairing neatly done. Op  
posite the Post-office. 34

JACOB T. BROWN,  
Manufacturer of and Dealer in all kinds  
of heavy light, and fancy Harnesses,  
Single and Double, Lap-ropes, Blan  
kets and all other articles kept by the  
trade. Main street. 34

BARKER BROS.,  
Dealers in Fresh and Salt Meat, also  
Manufacturers of and dealers in Pat  
ent Water Drawers and pumps for  
wells and cisterns.

WM. H. HALL,  
Barber and Hair Dresser. Particular  
attention paid to Shampooing, and  
the cutting of ladies' and children's  
hair. Shop on Main street. 34

CHAS. BEEBE,  
Attorney and Counselor at Law. Office  
in Morse & Irish's Insurance office  
Main street. 34

S. PARKHURST,  
Keeps the largest and best assortment  
of Boots, Shoes and Rubber goods.  
Satisfaction given as to quality and  
price. Opposite Post-office.

GEO. P. JOHNSON, M.D.,  
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.  
Office over Golt & Castle's. Orders  
left on SLATE will receive prompt at  
tention. Sleeps in office. 36

C. W. RADWAY, M. D.,  
HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND  
SURGEON.  
Office over Norton's store, Main St.,  
Mexico. Office hours 9 to 10  
A. M., and 1 to 2 and 7 to 8 P. M. All  
calls will receive prompt attention.

G. A. PENFIELD,  
MANUFACTURER OF  
Cutters, Sleighs, &c., and first-class  
Covered or Open Brewster Buggies, or  
Road Wagons. Repairing done on  
the shortest notice. 48

B. S. STONE, J. M. HOOD, E. T. STONE,  
DEALERS IN  
General Hardware, Stoves, Tin, Cop  
per and sheet-iron ware. Agents for  
Oliver's Patent Chilled and Lawrence  
& Chapin's Diamond Iron Plows.  
Main street, Mexico, N. Y. 7y1

H. H. DOBSON,  
DENTIST.  
Nitrous oxide or laughing gas, for ex  
tracting teeth without pain, always on  
hand. All work warranted at the low  
est living prices. Office over H. C.  
Peck's store, Mexico, N. Y. 34

U can make money faster at work for us than  
at anything else. Capital not required; we  
will start you. \$12 per day at home made by the  
Indians. Men, women, boys and girls want  
ed everywhere to work for us. Now is the time.  
Costly outfit and terms free. Address: Durr & Co.,  
Augusta, Maine.

MANUAL ALPHABET AND CALL  
ING CARDS COMBINED.  
We have on hand for Deaf-mutes or  
others so desiring, calling cards of any  
size or quality, having on the reverse  
side the Manual Alphabet, which many  
people would be pleased to learn.

PRICE LIST.  
25 Cards, with name, 25 cents.  
50 " " " 50 "  
100 " " " \$1.00

EMANUEL SOUWEINE,  
Designer and Engraver on Wood,  
14 Ann street, NEW YORK.  
(Care of E. S. BROWN.)

ENVELOPES CHEAP!  
A good envelope with return request  
PRINTED  
in corner for  
\$2.50 PER THOUSAND  
—at the—  
JOURNAL OFFICE.

SUBSCRIBE for the DEAF-MUTES' JOUR  
NAL—Only \$1.50 a year.

©27 Makes a specialty of the Deaf-Mute Alpha  
bet, Monograms, Signatures, etc., etc.

©27 Makes a specialty of the Deaf-Mute Alpha  
bet, Monograms, Signatures, etc., etc.

©27 Makes a specialty of the Deaf-Mute Alpha  
bet, Monograms, Signatures, etc., etc.

©27 Makes a specialty of the Deaf-Mute Alpha  
bet, Monograms, Signatures, etc., etc.

©27 Makes a specialty of the Deaf-Mute Alpha  
bet, Monograms, Signatures, etc., etc.

©27 Makes a specialty of the Deaf-Mute Alpha  
bet, Monograms, Signatures, etc., etc.

The Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME VIII.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, APRIL 10, 1879.

NUMBER 15.

POETRY.

FRIENDSHIP, LOVE AND HAPPINESS.

FRIENDSHIP, Love and Happiness,  
Three fairies come my heart to bless,  
Of my choice I fain would be  
On pleasant terms with all the three.

Enter Love, but with a point  
Sees Friendship coming and goes out,  
Friendship bows with haughty grace  
And says: "Good-bye, I know my place."

Happiness, the dainty elf,  
Murmurs: "I cannot help myself,  
Love and Friendship disagree,  
Then this is not the place for me."

Friendship, Love and Happiness,  
Three fairies that my life might bless,  
Pass me by; because you see  
Friendship and Love cannot agree.

M. A. M.

STORE TELLER.

A RIFT IN THE CLOUD.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Andrew Lee came home at evening  
from the shop where he had worked  
hard all day, tired, and out of spirits—  
came home to his wife, who was also  
tired and out of spirits.

"A smiling wife and a cheerful home  
—what a paradise it would be!" said  
Andrew to himself, as he turned his  
eyes from the clouded face of Mrs.  
Lee, and sat down, with knitted brows  
and a moody aspect.

Not a word was spoken by either.  
Mrs. Lee was getting supper, and she  
moved about with a weary step.

"Come," she said at last, with a side  
glance at her husband.  
There was invitation in the word on  
ly, none in the voice of Mrs. Lee.

Andrew arose and went to the table.  
He was tempted to speak an angry  
word, but controlled himself and kept  
silence. He could find no fault with  
the chop, nor the sweet home-made  
bread, nor the fragrant tea. They  
would have cheered his inward man,  
if there had only been a gleam of sun  
shine on the face of his wife. He no  
ticed that she did not eat.

"Are you not well, Mary?" The  
words were on his lips, but he did not  
utter them, for the face of his wife  
looked so repellent that he feared an  
irritating reply. And so, the twin  
sat in silence, until Andrew had finish  
ed his supper. As he pushed his chair  
back, his wife arose, and commenced  
clearing the table.

"This is unbearable!" said Lee to  
himself, as he commenced walking the  
door of their little breakfast room, with  
his hands thrust desperately away  
down into his trousers pockets, and  
his chin almost touching his breast.  
After removing all the dishes, and  
taking them into the kitchen, Mrs. Lee  
spread a green cover on the table, and  
placing a fresh trimmed lamp thereon,  
went out, and shut the door after her,  
leaving her husband alone with his un  
pleasant feelings. He took a long,  
deep breath as she did so, paused in  
his walk, stood still for some moments,  
and then drawing a paper from his  
pocket, sat down by the table, opened  
the sheet, and commenced reading.  
Singularly enough the words upon  
which his eyes rested were, "Praise  
your wife." They rather tended to  
increase the disturbance of mind from  
which he was suffering.

"I should like to find some occasion  
for praising mine." How quickly his  
thoughts expressed that ill-natured  
sentiment. But his eyes were on the  
page before him, and he read on—  
"Praise your wife, man; for pity's  
sake, give her a little encouragement;  
it won't hurt her."

Andrew Lee raised his eyes from the  
paper and muttered, "Oh, yes. That's  
all very well. Praise is cheap enough.  
But praise her for what? For being  
so sullen, and making your home the  
most disagreeable place in the world?"  
His eye fell again to the paper.

"She has made your home comforta  
ble, your hearth bright and shining,  
your food agreeable; for pity's sake,  
tell her you thank her, if nothing more.  
She don't expect it; it will make her  
eyes open wider than they have for ten  
years; but it will do her good for all  
that, and you too."

It seemed to Andrew as if this sen  
tence was written just for him, and  
just for the occasion. It was the com  
plete answer to his question, "Praise  
her for what?" and he felt it also as a  
rebuke. He read no further, for  
thought came too busy, and in a new  
direction. Memory was convicting  
him of injustice towards his wife. She  
had always made his home as comfort  
able for him as hands could make it,  
and had he offered the light return of  
praise or commendation? Had he ever  
told her of the satisfaction he had  
known, or the comfort experienced?  
He was not able to recall the time or  
the occasion. As he thought thus,  
Mrs. Lee came in from the kitchen and  
taking her work basket from a closet,  
placed it on the table, and sitting  
down, without speaking began to sew.

—Mr. Lee glanced almost stealthily at  
the work in her hands, and saw that it

was the bosom of a shirt, which she  
was stitching neatly. He knew that it  
was for him that she was at work.

"Praise your wife." The words were  
before the eyes of his mind, and he  
could not look away from them. But  
he was not ready for this yet. He still  
felt moody and unforgiving. The ex  
pression of his wife's face he interpret  
ed to mean ill-nature, and with ill-na  
ture he had no patience. His eyes fell  
upon the newspaper that lay spread  
out before him, and he read the sen  
tence:

"A kind, cheerful word, spoken in a  
gloomy home, is like a rift in a cloud  
that lets the sunshine through."

Lee struggled with himself a while  
longer. His own ill-nature had to be  
conquered first; his moody, accusing  
spirit had to be subdued. But he was  
coming right, at last got right, as to  
will.—Next came the question as to  
how he should begin. He thought of  
many things to say, yet feared to say  
them, lest his wife should meet his  
advances with a cold rebuff. At last,  
leaning toward her, and taking hold  
of the linen bosom on which she was  
at work, he said, in a voice carefully  
modulated with kindness—

"You are doing that work very beau  
tifully, Mary."

Mrs. Lee made no reply. But her  
husband did not fail to see that she  
lost, almost instantly that rigid erect  
ness with which she had been sitting,  
nor that the motion of her needle  
had ceased.

"My shirts are better made, and  
whiter than those of any man in our  
shop," said Lee, encouraged to go on.  
"Are they?" Mrs. Lee's voice was  
low, and had in it a slight huskiness.  
She did not turn her face, but her hus  
band saw that she leaned a little to  
wards him. He had broken through  
the ice of reserve, and all was easy  
now. His hand was among the clouds,  
and a few feeble rays were already  
struggling through the rift it had  
made.

"Yes, Mary," he answered, softly;  
"and I've heard it said more than once  
what a good wife Andrew Lee must  
have."

Mrs. Lee turned her face toward her  
husband. There was light in it, and  
light in her eye. But there was some  
thing in the expression of the counte  
nance that a little puzzled him.

"Do you think so?" she asked, quite  
soberly.

"What a question!" ejaculated An  
drew Lee, starting up, and going round  
to the side of the table where his wife  
was sitting. "What a question, Mary!"  
he repeated, as he stood before her.

"Do you?" It was all she said.

"Yes, darling," was the warmly spoken  
answer, and he stooped down and  
kissed her. "How strange that you  
should ask me such a question!"

"If you would only tell me so now  
and then, Andrew, it would do me  
good." And Mrs. Lee arose, and lean  
ing her face against the manly breast  
of her husband, stood and wept silent  
ly.

What a strong light broke in upon  
Andrew Lee! He had never given to  
his faithful wife even the small reward  
of praise for all the loving interest she  
had manifested daily, until doubt of  
his love had entered her soul, and made  
the light around her thick darkness.  
No wonder that her face grew clouded,  
nor that what he considered moodi  
ness and ill-nature took possession of  
her spirit.

"You are good and true, Mary—my  
own dear wife. I am proud of you—I  
love you—and my first desire is for  
your happiness. Oh, if I could always  
see your face in sunshine, my home  
would be the dearest place on earth."

"How precious to me are your words  
of love and praise, Andrew," said Mrs.  
Lee, smiling up through her tears in  
to his face. "With them in my ears,  
my heart can never lie in shadow."

How easy had been the work for An  
drew Lee. He had swept his hand  
across the cloudy horizon of his home,  
and now the bright sunshine was  
streaming down, and flooding that  
home with joy and beauty.—British  
Workman.

DIFFERENCE IN TIME BETWEEN  
THE TWO CONTINENTS.

The difference in time between New  
York and London is a curious feature  
in ocean telegraphy. The London  
banker is in the full swell of traffic  
when the New York agent is first think  
ing of "getting up." At noon the Lon  
don markets are called to this city,  
where they arrive at 7 o'clock in the  
morning of the same day. The Lon  
don agent of the New York press tele  
graphs the most important news issued  
in the London Times at 6 o'clock in  
the morning. It reaches here at 1  
o'clock the same morning just in time  
to be inserted in the New York jour  
nals, whose readers have the same mat  
ter that the Londoner digests with his  
breakfast.

—The case of the United States  
against Lehmair Brothers for \$290,  
000 alleged undervaluation of import  
ed dress goods was dismissed by Judge  
Choate April 1st.

NOTES FROM PROF. JOB TURNER.

ATLANTIC HOTEL, NORFOLK, VA.,  
March 25, 1879.

MY DEAR MR. RIDER:—Many thanks  
to God, I have, this evening, accom  
plished the express purpose for which  
I came here late last night, by which  
I mean a service for deaf-mutes.

Among the deaf-mutes present was  
Mr. Graham Logan, of Picton, Nova  
Scotia, who acts as a cabin boy on board  
the ship Branche which his brother-in  
law, Capt. Fleming, commands. Mr.  
Pollard, a deaf-mute gentleman of this  
city, told me about Mr. Logan and I  
went to the ship with him. We got  
on board the vessel and met Mr. Logan  
who led us into the cabin. There Mr.  
Pollard spelt out "Mr. Turner" before  
the wife of the Captain, "and quickly  
she spelt out 'Job,' which surprised me  
very much. She said she often read  
my letters in the JOURNAL, in Nova  
Scotia, and that she was very glad to  
see the writer; she never thought she  
would meet him. She spells very well  
as we do. She has four brothers dead  
and dumb, one of whom is on board  
the ship. She has her home on board.  
She kindly invited Mr. Pollard and me  
to take tea with her on board the ship,  
which invitation was regretfully de  
clined on account of a previous engage  
ment. Mr. Logan says one of his broth  
ers-in-law is a teacher in the Halifax  
Institution for deaf-mutes. The cap  
tain of the ship is Capt. Fleming, of  
Picton, N. S. In a day or two, when  
his ship is loaded with cotton, he will  
sail to Liverpool, with his brave wife  
and Mr. Logan. Mr. L. says he has  
twice seen that commercial city, and  
that there are about ninety deaf-mutes  
in the Liverpool Institution. He gave  
me an account of two sailors who were  
instantly killed by falling from one of  
the foremast yards, buried at sea, while  
the ship was coming here from Liver  
pool. He made signs that the ship  
encountered several gales of wind and  
that he saw whales during these storms.  
He looks smart, and spells well. He  
said that they were very sorry when  
Mr. Hutton resigned his place as prin  
cipal of the Halifax Institution. No  
wonder they were, because he was an  
excellent teacher.

Mr. Pollard is now beginning to show  
himself energetic as a job printer. Sev  
eral months ago, he found himself out  
of employment on account of the stringen  
cy of the times, but after long consid  
eration he decided to buy a hand press,  
and is now doing pretty well by print  
ing handbills, cards &c., for those who  
know him. I hope he will find it a  
steady employment, as he is well known  
as a Norfolk boy. I have advised him  
not to give up the ship. He says he  
will stick to his new trade. Those  
deaf-mutes who are out of employ  
ment, ought to follow his example.

This is one of the leading hotels in  
the U. S. from the roof of which es  
tablishment can well be seen the spot  
where the confederate Monitor Mer  
rimac had a celebrated naval fight with  
the Federal Monitor, and where she  
sank the Cumberland and Congress.

This evening I called on Miss Mary  
C. Lamb, a deaf-mute lady, whose  
brother, Col. William Lamb, defend  
ed Fort Fisher against Butler's vessels,  
near Wilmington, N. C.

I have no more news to tell you ex  
cept that I am going to Lynchburg  
to-morrow morning, making two stop  
pages. So I must bid you good night.  
Yours sincerely,  
Job Turner.

LYNCHBURG, VA., March 31, 1879.  
MY DEAR MR. RIDER:—Last Friday  
evening I took leave of Mr. and Mrs.  
Hart M. Chamberlayne's pleasant and  
hospitable home against my will. Only  
duty—it was that sent me to this place  
—not only to prepare a service, but  
also to look up deaf-mutes one day be  
forehand. Last Saturday I was busy  
all day and found eight deaf-mutes,  
though I might have picked about ten  
more around this city, if I had had  
plenty of time.

I met one of my oldest pupils whom  
I had not seen for a very long time.  
He was placed under my tuition at the  
Virginia Institution in 1842 or 3. He  
married a deaf-mute lady, a graduate  
of the Va. Inst., long ago. She fell a  
victim to consumption about three  
years ago. He has two bright speaking  
children, a son and a daughter. This  
daughter is one of the brightest girls  
that I ever saw.

I called on another, who almost  
cried for joy, the very moment she got  
a glimpse of her old teacher whom she  
had not seen for about twenty years.  
She is married, and is blessed with a  
young daughter.

I met an old deaf-mute colored man  
on the street. He makes his living by  
sawing wood. He is so old, that I be  
lieve he has no idea of what is going  
on in the world.

I visited a deaf-mute woman who  
has been an invalid twenty-two years,  
which is the reason why her parents  
never did send her to Staunton, Va.  
Her condition excited my pity. I ask  
ed her several questions to see if she  
could understand me, but she did not  
answer any of them. She, however,  
looked at me with a smiling face.

I went to Madison, opposite this city  
across the James River, to see another  
of my old pupils, whom I was glad to  
find doing pretty well in the world.

Last night, St. Paul's church had  
or witnessed within its walls, a service  
for deaf-mutes, the success of which  
exceeded my anticipations, for which I  
owe my many sincere thanks to God  
who so kindly leads the hard working  
missionary from one place to another.  
The service was a combined one, con  
ducted by the Rev.'s Messrs. Carson and  
Gray and this writer, in the presence  
of a small number of deaf-mutes and a  
very large and fine congregation. I  
interpreted the service to the deaf  
mutes present while the Rev. Mr. Gray,  
the assistant rector, read it to the au  
dience, after which the Rev. Mr. Car  
son, the rector, read my sermon which  
I translated for the benefit of my sil  
ent assemblage. After service the  
deaf-mutes and some of the gentlemen  
and ladies came to bid this writer good  
bye by shaking hands with him.

Please let me say a few words about  
Lynchburg. This city is situated on  
many hills, so say they, though I am  
told by a gentleman that it stands on  
seven hills like Rome. The Rev. Mr.  
Carson says "it is all hills." It is built  
on a steep declivity on the south bank  
of the river in the midst of bold and  
beautiful scenery, within view of the  
Blue Ridge and the Peaks of Otter.  
I am enjoying this romantic scenery  
very much. The founder of this city,  
John Lynch, was a Quaker, having  
come from Ireland before the Revolu  
tion and was a plain man of strict in  
tegrity and great assurance of charac  
ter. He died about 55 years ago at a  
great age. This city is a large tobacco  
market, there being about 40 tobacco  
factories here giving employment to  
more than 1,000 hands, and upwards  
of twenty thousand hogsheads of to  
bacco being inspected a year.

There is a canal between this city  
and Richmond, the length of which is  
147 miles. This splendid work is the  
pride and boast of this Old Dominion.

It seems proper that I should relate  
the origin of Lynch Law. Col. Charles  
Lynch, a brother of the founder of  
this city, and an officer of the Ameri  
can Revolution, took up his residence,  
not very far from this place. At that  
time the country was very thinly set  
tled and infested by a lawless band of  
robbers and desperadoes, which troubled  
Col. Lynch, a leading whig, so much  
that he determined to exterminate  
them. He apprehended and had them  
punished without any legal ceremony.  
Hence the origin of the term Lynch  
Law. His son, Charles, was after  
wards a governor of Louisiana.

About eight or ten miles from this  
place is New London, Va., where is  
standing, that interesting relic, the  
old court house now going to decay,  
it having been converted into a barn!  
Humble as this edifice is, once digni  
fied and admiring audiences were as  
sembled within its walls to listen to  
the magic eloquence of Patrick Henry.  
One day, here it was, that he defended  
a man charged with having taken two  
steers from a Scotchman of wealth for  
the American troops. The Scotch  
man was suspected of being unfriend  
ly to the American cause. Mr. Henry  
made so witty a speech that the whole  
audience were convulsed with laughter  
and that the clerk of the court, unable  
to behave himself with decorum in his  
place, rushed out of the court house,  
threw himself on the grass, and rolled  
himself in the most violent paroxysms  
of laughter. But the Scotchman came  
out for relief into the yard also, his  
feelings being very different. Jemmy  
Steptoe, he said to the clerk "what the  
devil ails ye, mon?" and the clerk re  
plied that he could not help it. Mr.  
Henry was successful. Hook feared  
the people so much that nothing saved  
him but a precipitate flight and the  
speed of his horse. He heard around  
him a cry more terrible than that of  
beef: it was the cry of tar and feathers.

Truly do I wish I could give you  
several more facts, but as time has no  
mercy upon me, I must take the cars  
and flee away like the Scotchman. I  
expect to reach Staunton to-night or  
to-morrow, after an absence of two  
weeks, to rest two more weeks. Then  
I shall be in Kentucky, Tennessee and  
several other Southern States. I shall  
stop over at Charlottesville, Va., if I  
have time, to visit my old friend who  
did the first work for Thomas Jeff  
erson as a printer. Good morning.  
Yours sincerely,  
Job Turner.

PERSEVERE.

WHEN you do attempt anything that  
is all right, go through with it. Be  
not easily discouraged. Form habits  
of perseverance. Yield not to sloth  
and sleep and fickleness. To resist  
all these will not be easy; but you will  
feel that you have done right when you  
get through.

WHAT will agricultural shows and  
fairs do if the extra session of Con  
gress steps on the heels of the regular  
session, as the last did? The Pres  
ident is very anxious.

WALKING CONTESTS IN MELROSE  
AND BOSTON.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—The walking ma  
nia has reached this quiet town at last  
and the grand running and walking  
tournament was first opened and suc  
cessfully carried out at the Town Hall  
on the 29th ult. There was a very  
large number of spectators present,  
including a good many of the softer  
sex, who proved an addition to the at  
tractions of the walking entertainment.

There were three contests, one hour  
run for the Melrose boys; the five  
mile walk for out of town amateurs,  
one hour walk for the Melrose ama  
teurs only. I will not give a report  
of three contests but only of the five  
mile walk in which Ed. W. Frisbee, of  
Boston, so well known to your readers,  
contested. The writer had the name  
of Frisbee entered in the five mile walk.  
His name undoubtedly brought many  
more spectators to the hall to witness  
the entertainment, for they often heard  
his name and wished to see and  
judge for themselves how fast he, be  
ing a deaf-mute, could walk. There  
were four entries, but only three, viz  
Powell, of Malden, No. 1, Frisbee, of  
Boston, No. 2, Purcell, of Stoneham,  
No. 3, started in it. Mr. Elisha A.  
Douglas (speaking) had the honor of  
being the scorer for Frisbee and Mr.  
Chas. A. Douglas had the privilege of  
coaching him on his tramp. When  
the word "Go" was given, Frisbee  
quickly shot and kept ahead in several  
laps, but soon fell behind Powell and  
Purcell who respectively took the lead  
in the end of the first mile. At the  
opening of the second mile Frisbee  
gradually crept toward and made beau  
tiful spurts on Powell and Purcell both,  
which created much excitement and  
enthusiasm among the spectators.  
Powell was soon forced to drop out on  
account of the cramp in his stomach  
and there were only two boys contest  
ing for the honor. Purcell, who pro  
ved to be a very good pedestrian, evi  
dently tried hard to wrest the lead  
from Frisbee, but it was of no avail.  
Frisbee passed and repassed him in  
the rest of the five mile walk, which  
again and again kept the audience ex  
cited and delighted. He carried away  
the honor and won the silver cup by  
beating Purcell by three laps. He  
covered five miles in a little over 40  
minutes and Purcell came in a minute  
later. This cup was the ninth prize  
he has won, since he begun his pedes  
trianism. The spectators spoke high  
ly of his style of walking.

The walking tournament took place  
at the Music Hall in Boston on the  
29th ult, where Rowell, the celebrated  
Englishman, who recently wrested the  
Astley Belt from O'Leary, gave his ex  
hibition of walking and running. A.  
W. Gerry, the Boston mute, was one  
of the seven starters who participated  
in the one-mile walk. Mott, of the  
Harlem Athletic Club of New York  
city, came in first by covering in 8 m.  
44 s. and Gerry came in second by  
covering in 8 m. 29 s. They were re  
spectively entitled to first and second  
Rowell Medals.

GUESS WHO.  
Melrose, Mass. April 1, 1879.

INDUSTRIAL HOME FOR DEAF-  
MUTES.

BEVERLY, MASS., March 31, 1879.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—You will see by  
the heading of this article that I am  
under the roof of the house which now  
we call Home. It is two weeks since  
the Home has been partially opened  
for the reception of worthy deaf-mutes  
to try the experiment of giving them  
employment. The trustees bought  
the farm last November, but we could  
not occupy the house for many good  
reasons, until recently. I had part of  
the rooms repaired, painted, etc., and  
they look very comfortable and pleas  
ant. There are now four inmates and  
one employe, making five. They were  
made very happy; they have seen  
dark days and sufferings, and now  
they seem to have found a heaven to  
live in. I have seen enough of them  
and their troubles or I should not  
have taken so much trouble and inter  
est for them and the Home project.  
I feel very glad I have succeeded so  
well and the Home is opened at last  
and the poor are made happy. They  
all take a lively interest in work  
I direct them. Oh, how I long to be  
able to give employment to many  
more, but for the present these are  
enough; we can take care of them till  
the first farm produce has been re  
ceived and then we can take in more  
needy deaf-mutes. I will now give  
the names of the inmates in the Home.  
Henry S. Ellis and his wife, George  
Meader and wife, Alonzo Allard, em  
ploye. Mr. Ellis was a native of Ver  
mont, his wife of Maine. He owned  
a nice small farm in that State and  
did well, though he had little educa  
tion, having been at Hartford only a  
short time. Unfortunately for him,  
as you will see, he was tempted to go  
west, thinking he could do better, and  
at the instigation of his hearing broth  
er he sold his farm and cattle and  
went west, I believe to Wisconsin, and  
bought another farm and went to

work; but his air castles tumbled  
down and he repented of his folly.  
There were Indians prowling around  
and they, knowing Mr. Ellis' deafness,  
took advantage of it, stole what they  
could take hold of and would call at  
the house and ask for food so persist  
ently as to alarm them very much;  
they feared to send their children to  
school (they had three small ones)  
distant more than one mile through  
the woods. Afterward they deter  
mined to return to New England, sold  
out at a haphazard price and took their  
journey back, not to Vermont. He  
lost his home, but came to Rockport,  
where Mrs. Ellis' sister resided. They  
were broken down, disheartened, sick,  
and what little money was left soon  
disappeared. He had been cheated out  
of his wages several times when he  
got work. Mr. and Mrs. Ellis are  
semi-mutes. He is a capital workman  
and experienced farmer, and she a  
good farmer's wife. His age is nearly  
60 years. How happy they are now  
in obtaining a home for themselves,  
having been tossed about so many  
years.

George Meader came from Germa  
ny about 20 years ago, smart and ac  
tive; was educated in an articulation  
school for three years, and three years  
more in another school where sign  
language was used. He came to Amer  
ica with plenty of money, hoping to  
better his fortune. He was an experi  
enced snuff box maker, (silver and  
gold), for you know in Germany and  
other surrounding countries snuff has  
been much used, and the manufacture  
of snuff boxes was extensively carried  
on. He was dismayed; no such things  
were done in this country. All his  
money, in time, was spent and he was  
unable to return to his country and  
became, poor but he nevertheless got  
employment in various ways and once  
was obliged to go to an almshouse for  
half a year. He left and came to Bos  
ton and had the good fortune to get  
employment in a sugar refinery, and  
afterward went to cleaning windows  
and did very well; but after the war  
of the Rebellion his business grew  
worse and worse until he was unable  
to earn enough to support his wife,  
who came from Ireland, and pay his  
rent. In the winter generally they  
would suffer very much for the nec  
essaries of life, and they could get lit  
tle from the German charitable soci  
ety, nor any thing from the Deaf-Mute  
Christian Society. Mr. and Mrs. Mead  
er are quiet and peaceable people, and  
he is 69 years old. He has a German  
Bible, Testament, and Prayer Book,  
and reads it every morning. He has  
been telling me some interesting sto  
ries of what he has witnessed in his  
native country, in sign-language some  
what different from that of Americans,  
but I understood him well. How hap  
py he and his wife are at the change  
from a dark and gloomy abode in a  
back alley to a nice house with a nice  
bed and good board. These four in  
mates have shown their gratitude by  
going to work with a will and seem  
much pleased with each other. Alon  
zo Allard, of East Cambridge, Mass.,  
now living in this town, having a fam  
ily of three children, came from Ver  
mont. Mr. A. was an employe in Fair  
bank's (ex-Gov.) famous scales man  
ufacture. He too, like many deaf-mutes,  
thought he could do better in a city  
than



# DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, APRIL 10, 1879.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS: One copy, one year, \$1.50. Clubs of ten, 12.50. If not paid within six months, 1.25. These prices are invariable. Remit by post-office money order, or by registered letter. <sup>62</sup> Terms, cash in advance.

CONTRIBUTIONS. All communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in communications.

Contributions, Subscriptions and Business Letters to be sent to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

Rates of advertising made known upon application.

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

## BE CAREFUL OF YOUR SIGNATURE.

It is such an easy thing to write one's name; it seems like a disobliging act to refuse it, especially when a dear friend desires it; yet there are many circumstances where it is a very unwise thing to do.

Not long since a deaf-mute of middle age in this State—whose name we are requested to withhold—signed his name to a scrap of paper just to oblige a relative, and his whole farm was swept away in consequence, all to pay that friend's indebtedness. Great trouble and inconvenience were the result; from the effects of which, it seems to us, he will never recover. It seems impossible to conceive the idea that such a friend and a near relative of the mute could be so mean as to be susceptible of such damnable swindling; yet it is a fact, and no one can tell what a great blow it is to the poor mute and his family to be deprived of all they had in a moment. They had an indisputable title of the land; had held possession of it for several years; had, as he was an industrious farmer, spared no opportunities to improve it, and had the consolation of possessing a pleasant and substantial home, in which, if old age should creep upon them, to spend the remainder of their declining years in comfort. How soon their hopes are blasted by the little confidence they put in a relative and one long a neighbor of theirs, who has proved to be a demon in a friend's garb.

"He that hateth suretyship is sure." We would earnestly entreat every deaf-mute never to sign his name to any paper of any kind, no matter who desires it, until he understands it clearly and unmistakably; or until he has consulted his lawyer; it is very dangerous business. Do not hesitate to learn to say no, even to very plausible presentations of affairs. You cannot afford to run the risk of having a large note to pay that may strip your family of every comfort, and oblige you to begin life over again financially.

It seems such an easy way to get over difficulties to just borrow money for a "promise to pay" over our signature; and even a mortgage on one's property, does not look very formidable when it is a long way till the time is up. But soon or late we learn emphatically,

"Who goes a borrowing,  
Goes a sorrowing."

The wheels of time run swift, and never swifter than when you have a note to pay, and the money to earn with which it is to be paid. Be wary about this name-signing. Pinch and deny yourself to the extreme of endurance rather than fasten a clog to your feet which you must drag heavily on for years and perhaps for life. Be willing to offend a friend rather than risk becoming responsible for his failure to meet his engagements.

## READING AS A MEANS OF ACQUIRING A GOOD COMMAND OF LANGUAGE.

BY HENRY WHITE, BOSTON, MASS.

[From the American Annals for April.]

[The writer of this article, who is a member of the Junior Class in the National Deaf-Mute College, lost his hearing, and with it his speech, at the age of four years. The freedom and accuracy with which he now uses the English language are largely due to the habit of reading, acquired and practiced in the manner here set forth and commended.—ED. ANNALS.]

Histories, biographies, and essays make up the usual course of reading recommended by teachers, parents, or guardians to young people. But this is not always the best plan for a beginning, when it is desired to create in them a taste for reading. A human being has different tastes, whether physical or mental, at different periods of his life, and, in the natural course of things, his tastes as to reading will change as he grows older.

The child delights in nursery tales, such as Cinderella, Mother Goose, Santa Claus, Jack the Giant-Killer, etc.

The boy of ten or twelve can find nothing so pleasant as perusing juvenile works, like those about good and bad little boys. Books like Oliver Optic's are almost exclusively read at this tender age. Then the youth of sixteen or more is passionately fond of poring over works of an exciting character, known as "blood-and-thunder literature." Tales of war or bloodshed have the greatest charms at this stage. The man of thirty or thereabouts, who has had all the romantic notions of his youth knocked out of his mind by contact with the world, takes up a book on travel, biography, or history, and reads it at leisure.

Now, as we have seen how tastes differ at various ages, would it be wise to force upon a boy of ten or sixteen what suits the inclinations of a man of thirty? No, for it would not have the desired effect; instead of creating in him a taste for reading, it would be more likely to create feelings of disgust and aversion that might last through a lifetime. A teacher or guardian may guide or direct a pupil's tastes, but not force them. If a boy has a passion for stories of wild adventure, hair-breadth escapes, etc., he will outgrow it in the course of nature. But boys will be boys. Let the boy make a beginning, no matter whether it be with a novel, a romance, or a fable, just as he chooses, and he will get a desire for better and still better literature.

I will give an instance which has confirmed my belief that it is best to allow the inclinations great freedom in ranging over the broad fields of literature. I once had a classmate who, although a boy of great promise, hated reading, and could never be induced to look at a book. But one day there appeared a change in him, for he came to me, saying he was ashamed of thus idling away his time when he might employ it in improving his command of language. He was keenly conscious of his deficiency in English, and upon my recommendation he took to reading. But he was almost discouraged at the very beginning. Having read with the greatest delight Ivanhoe, the masterpiece of Scott, I gave it to him, expecting him to like it as well as I did. But what was my surprise when an hour or two afterwards I saw him throw down the book in disgust, exclaiming that the author was too tedious. I confess I was on the point of giving him up as a hopeless case, when fortunately a new idea struck me. I had a thorough knowledge of my friend's nature, and hoping that a book on fairies or legends of chivalry would best suit his romantic turn of mind, I put into his hands the story of King Arthur and his Round Table, which was no sooner read through than he asked for another work of the same kind. The Arabian Nights' Entertainment and then the German Popular Tales came to be read, each with eager interest. From that time a taste for reading was formed in my friend, which soon led him into the higher walks of literature; and he is still seeking the treasures of thought which the greatest and best of men have left behind them as a legacy to mankind. Thanks to this passion for reading, he is now able to write a long letter without making many of those mistakes common to deaf-mutes.

But there are, of course, some kinds of reading-matter to be shunned: dime novels that have a tendency to excite the imagination to undue bounds, and to give a false color to everything in life; and those books that tend to corrupt the morals and weaken the principles of the young. Only upon works like these may parents or teachers exercise their authority in the matter of choice.

Many deaf-mutes consider an ordinary newspaper good enough for the purpose of learning correct language; and, as a consequence, they learn by heart every newly-coined word or slang phrase that meets their eyes. The mighty press does, indeed, a vast deal of good in correcting the abuses and exposing the crimes of the day, and in making every one acquainted with what goes on in the world; but as for being a model of pure, correct English, every teacher should caution a pupil not to place too much confidence in the high-flown, exaggerated style with which a reporter describes men and things. The reporter picks up any stray expression that is spoken upon the street, without regard to good usage, and strews flowers of rhetoric upon the most commonplace events, thus teaching what rhetoricians call "bad English." Such flowery expressions may be used to make a dull subject interesting, and to present a plain object in a more attractive garb, but are entirely out of place in ordinary conversation.

For example, what would be thought of a person who, in a drawing-room, should speak of a man recently deceased as having "shuffled off this mortal coil," "kicked the bucket," "passed in his checks," etc.?

Nowhere else does slang, that usurper of the rights of good king's English, reign with so supreme a sway as in the daily papers. The editors are not wholly responsible for this state of things; they have enough to do without stopping to correct every word that is used by their correspondents.

On the other hand, books—requiring, as they do, much longer time and more pains in the composition—are generally written with all the propriety of style of which the author is capable. Therefore books should be recommended to pupils as the best standard for good, pure English. It is said that Charles Dickens once wrote a volume through, and upon reviewing it was so dissatisfied with the style or tone of it that he cast the manuscript into the fire. Having watched the production of his mind—which

had cost him so many weeks of labor and thought—until it turned down to ashes, he took up the pen again, and wrote another volume upon the same subject.

Having recommended reading as the best means of acquiring a good command of language, I may be expected to describe the manner in which a book should be read. A book should not be read through at a gallop, for in that case no permanent impressions are made upon the mind; but only fleeting ideas are received, which soon vanish. It should be read slowly and carefully, with a pause now and then to study the author's style and the language he employs. When the reader's fancy is struck by some striking phrase or expression, let him try to commit it to memory. The English language abounds in beautiful passages and gems of thought from the best authors, and especially in idioms which know no law of grammar, and render obedience to no authority except that of common usage. Let the deaf-mute reader learn thoroughly and well those floating expressions, and he will be surprised to find a great stock of words at his fingers' ends.

A deaf-mute cannot be expected to gain the mastery of a language so complicated as ours by the efforts of the teacher alone. The teacher may, indeed, give him a knowledge of any branch of study, which, like mathematics, proceeds by rule and method; but let him work ever so assiduously, he never can implant in the undeveloped intellect of a deaf-mute that fine perception, that delicate sense of propriety, which would enable him always to put a noun, a verb, and their modifiers in the right place. Neither is it possible for the instructor to explain the subtle differences of meaning between one and the same word used in different connections.

These various shades of meaning, as well as the numberless synonyms which our mother tongue has inherited from several languages, are to be understood only after a long-continued course of reading. To a deaf-mute there is no difference between a wood-house and a wooden house; both mean the same to him. He is also apt to take words too literally; as, for instance, when we say this lecturer drew a full house, or that politician is running for Congress, he will believe that the lecturer actually drew the house along in some way or other, and that the politician is footing it to the national capital.

Such is his ignorance of the meaning which a word assumes in different positions that he will invert the members of compound words without being aware of the difference in the two expressions. "Prize-fight" is a case in point, for I have seen it spelled "fight-prize."

For the same reason a joke is lost upon him, he being unable to see the flash of wit in a combination of words having a double meaning. It seems to me, the only way to remedy these deficiencies is that of constant and careful reading; for, by meeting a word again and again in different positions, he will gain a clearer idea of its meaning. There are not a few deaf-mutes to-day who have educated themselves in this way, without ever having used a dictionary. It is a wonder that teachers, knowing as they must the importance of reading as an aid in the education of the deaf and dumb, have not taken a more active interest in providing reading for their pupils outside of the narrow precincts of the school-room. For many are content to do their daily routine of duties, and when these duties are ended for the time being, they are too easily satisfied with having done their part; forgetting that the English language can never be taught, but must be learned.

The deaf-mute expresses himself of ten in signs than in words; and, as a consequence, he is liable to lose what ever command of language he has. The teacher cannot re-stock the mind of the pupil with words, phrases, and idioms; that he must leave to constant practice in reading.

More care should be taken in the selection of books for the library than is generally done in institutions for the deaf and dumb; the quality of merit of the books themselves being now commonly considered rather than the tastes or wishes of the pupils. I should think such works as those of Trowbridge, Aldrich, and Jacob Abbott would do more towards creating a thirst for knowledge than those of Scott, Dickens, Irving, Thackeray, and George Eliot, delightful as these are to older people.

"Reading maketh a full man," says Bacon, and deaf-mutes need to read much to be full men.

## A Table, For those who use the Book of Common Prayer.

APRIL 13th, 1879.

MORNING SERVICE.

The Psalter for the 13th day of the month, or Selection.

1st Lesson—Exodus xii, v. 37.

2d Lesson—Romans vi.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for Easter Sunday.

EVENING SERVICE.

The Psalter for the 13th day of the month, or Selection.

1st Lesson—Exodus xii, v. 37.

2d Lesson—Acts ii, v. 22.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for Easter Sunday.

Long life, health and happiness secured by a timely use of Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. See Dr. Kennedy's advertisement.

New York city appropriated last year \$25,500 for advertising.

## The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column; mark items so sent: The Itemizer.

SEND us addresses of your mute friends on a postal card, who do not take THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

Miss Mary E. Lawrence, a pupil of the Ohio Institution, died at the home of her aunt, in Dayton, O., on Tuesday April 1st.

The proceedings of the Convention proved too bulky to be attached to the Annual Report as an appendix, and will probably be published by itself soon.—Chronicle.

In the Government printing-office at Washington, there is a deaf-mute, besides Mr. Ellegood, of the name of Welty. He has been a type-setter in that office for years. He has a fine, portly presence.

Bishop Gilgilio confirmed five members of Rev. A. W. Mann's mission in Detroit, Mich., one at St. Paul's and four at St. John's Churches, Sunday, March 30th. Rev. Mr. Mann baptized a child on that day.

Miss Annie R. Elliott, formerly a pupil of the Pennsylvania Institution; and latterly of the Columbia Institution, has obtained a position in the Treasury Department at Washington. She is the only deaf-mute lady at present in that department, so far as we know.

Miss Jennie Campbell, of Cincinnati, a graduate of the Pennsylvania Institution, who has been visiting with her sister and friends at Columbus for some time, returned home to Cincinnati about two weeks ago. She reports as having had a very pleasant and enjoyable visit.

EVELYN P. Wood, of Syracuse, who has been out of employment for a long time on account of the stringency of business, has secured a good situation under Messrs. Frazer, Burns & Jones, in that city. We hope he will be permitted to keep it as long as he lives for the sake of his family.

Miss Amelia Bivens, a deaf-mute lady, of Washington, left America for France last January, to meet her brother at Havre. She intended to be gone eight months, but now comes the sad news, whether true or erroneous we know not, that she died of consumption at Paris.

MANY of the readers of the JOURNAL, especially the friends of Mr. Charles O. Upham, of Watertown, N. Y., will be glad to hear of his recent appointment to a clerkship in one of the departments of the B. W. & O. R. R. Company. He has our congratulations and we hope he will long continue to fill that responsible position.

The New York Tribune congratulates Senator Bayard "upon his appointment upon the Board of Directors of the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb," and adds that "if he can only arrange it so as to have the deaf-mutes and a certain majority in Congress change places, he will give the country temporary relief."

JAMES Whalen, and his sister, Sarah, of Arcade, N. Y., stopped at the Rochester Institution two weeks ago on their way to Seipio, where they are both to be employed by Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Taber during the coming season. They seemed to be very much pleased with their visit and with what they were shown.

In the early part of the present month, the Rev. A. W. Mann held services at Delaware, Dayton, and Cincinnati, in the Diocese of Southern Ohio, which were well attended. Bishop Jaggard holds confirmation at St. Peter's, Delaware, on Sunday evening, May 4th. Rev. Mr. Mann expects to be present, and hold services in the forenoon and afternoon.

JOHN C. Wiggins, a graduate of the Primary Department of the Columbia Institution at Washington, is doing well as a dairyman, being the second best in that line of business in the District. It may not be long before he will stand No. 1 at his occupation. He is a dutiful son, supporting his mother in the decline of her life. Business has so prospered with him that he is going to buy another horse and wagon.

Dr. William Porter, superintendent and physician of the New York Deaf and Dumb Institution, has put a stop to the practice of running and walking on the part of the male pupils who have, of late, indulged in it excessively, because most of them (who are totally unfit for it by reason of their delicate or impaired constitutions, and who can never expect to become famous athletes,) run or walk till they are sick or break their bones.

Is JARD'S letter which appeared in our issue of March 27th, a mistake was made in stating that Mr. Swartz, of Catawissa, Pa., has not been well for some time. This error was made by putting the word "ill" before the health of Mr. S., which should not have been. We are, however, pleased to be corrected, especially to be assured that Mr. S. has not been out of health, as erroneously stated—a fact which all his friends will be glad to learn.

Nothing very important has happened at the asylum during the past week. Mr. Edward Stone is removing from the Institution to-day to the home of her mother upon Capital Avenue, in this city. The officers and teachers of the asylum are very sorry that the pleasant associations of the past eight years must close thus sadly. Mrs. Stone knows that she carries with her the love, respect and sincere sympathy of all at the asylum.—Daily News, April 3, 1879.

It is said that the Independent Base Ball Club, of the Ohio Institution has been admitted into the Amateur League, or will soon be. It is not their purpose, if we understand aright, to compete for the championship of the league, but to play and to make money with amateur clubs. Joseph Leib and "Doc" Sawhill, at present sojourning within the classic walls of the college at Washington, will play on the nine during the coming summer. We wish the club all success.

We have, since July 17, 1877, mailed from this office 9,800 calling or visiting alphabet cards to the deaf and their friends—quite a large supply within that period of time, is it not? Many of the deaf who have received them have pronounced them the best they have had, and, to their delight, have found many of their hearing friends to whom they gave the cards, able to converse with them by the manual alphabet, thus foregoing the slow way of talking by writing.

GEORGE C. Sawyer has obtained, through the influence of his father, a position in the National Capitol. During the extra session, when the Democrats came into power, nearly every Republican and a few Democrats who held positions in the Capitol, were dismissed to make way for new men, friends of the powers that be. But Mr. Sawyer did not fall under the general proscription, probably through the influence of Sergeant-at-Arms French, who is an intimate friend of his family.

Rev. Mr. Herrieh, who has been a missionary in Constantinople during the past twenty years, visited the Asylum yesterday forenoon with two sons. He has been engaged during the past few years in translating the Bible into the Turkish language. He wrote the first verse of the Bible in Arabic letters, in the Turkish language, upon a blackboard, for the deaf-mute pupils to see. The letters were very strange, and the words were written from the right side of the board to the left. It appeared like writing backward.—Daily News, April 4th.

CYRUS Chambers, whom we last mentioned as heading home to the bedside of his father, arrived at his destination only to find that his father had been dead four or five hours. At the death bed of his father he met his brothers for the first time in many years, and they all were stout of person and in the best of health. The deaf-mute himself is by no means a lean man, yet he seemed so to his large-sized brothers, who anxiously asked whether he was sure he was in good health. Mr. Chambers has returned to his duty in the War Department.

The American Annals of the Deaf and Dumb, for April, is at hand. It is, as usual, an interesting quarterly, and has as its frontispiece a very beautiful picture of the National Deaf-Mute College at Kendall Green, near Washington, D. C. Among its contents we find the following: "Edward Collins Stone," by Richard S. Storrs, M. A.; "A Document Brought to Light," by Leon Valisek; "Sophia Augusta Huston, a Blind Deaf-Mute," by Miss Angie A. Tuller; "Reading as a Means of Acquiring a Good Command of Language," by Henry White; "William Libbeas Bird," by John C. Bull, M. A.; "Contract Between Gallaudet and Clerc;" closing with Institution and miscellaneous items.

The other evening our Granger, Mr. Wing, had an experience with his "2.14 Hopeful." On taking the "racer" out of the stable, he left him standing loose while going for his buggy. The horse, having an eye for his oats, started off home on his own hook. A few moments later there was seen a man with a lantern whoring! down the road, shouting, "Whoa! whoa!! whoa!!!" It was all to no purpose. The thorough-bred would not whos worth a cent. It was a race of a horse for oats on one side and a man for a horse on the other. The horse won it. Half an hour later the Granger was seen enquiring around town for his runaway. He found him in a lively stable. Damages, a broken rein and a ruffled temper.—Companion.

## THE ILLINOIS INSTITUTION ON FIRE.

[From the Jacksonville, Ill., Daily Journal, March 30, 1879.]

The advantages of the telephone as a means of communication between distant places was instrumental yesterday in saving the State of Illinois many thousands of dollars. The fire fiend seems to have an unusual spite at our fair city during the past few months, and yesterday afternoon the Deaf and Dumb Institution almost fell into his ravenous clutches. It seems that a tinner, Johnny Burge, has been at work for some days past, soldering and repairing the roof, and was, yesterday, working on the north end of the building, and leaving his charcoal stove sitting on the roof, while he was absent sometime, it seems probably that the stove had fallen over, and the coals heating the tin roof, had either unsoldered a seam or so heated the wood work below as to have ignited it, and it being dry as tinder, burned very rapidly. The watchman, about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, discovered smoke issuing from the roof of the north wing, and at once notified Mr. Frank Hine, who, calling to Dr. Gillett that the building was on fire, rushed up to the roof and in a few minutes had the hose in the institution attached and ready to operate, but it was found that the pressure was not sufficient to force the water over the peak of the roof of the main building, and help from that quarter had to be abandoned. In the mean time, Dr. Gillett, who had just returned from Indiana, polis, bethought him of the telephone, recently connected with the series at the city telegraph office, and at once sent word down that the institution was on fire. In less than two minutes from the time the word was sent down the hose companies were on the road, and once on the ground they were not slow in getting their attachments complete, and much credit is due them, for the coolness, courage and heroic labors they put forth in their fight with the fire king. The colored company, we learn, were first to get a stream of water in play, and one of their members jeopardized his life by going down between the roof and ceiling when the fire was raging. Capt. Wm. H. Harrison, chief, and his assistant, James Mitchell, were all around directing and controlling the fire-men, and the fact that the fire was finally overcome, is due in great measure to their skill and good judgment.

The north wing is badly damaged; the rafters and roof being almost entirely consumed, and the whole building damaged to a great extent by water. The loss cannot fall short of \$5,000, and perhaps that amount would not cover it.

The children were orderly and well-behaved, and the excellent discipline which they have undergone was shown in the fact that all of them were gotten safely out, with their clothing and possessions, and not one of them injured in the slightest degree. We are pleased to note the fact, as it will greatly modify the anxiety felt by parents in cases of any excitement like that of yesterday.

The pupils were all housed comfortably in the school building and work shops, and the wonted duties of the school, will we presume, be resumed without interruption. To the firemen and citizens who labored so earnestly to subdue the flames, the state of Illinois is largely indebted, and it seems almost incredible that they were so successful.

An old adage says, "One might as well be out of the world as out of the fashion," and it being, just now, out of fashion to hunt ducks, partridges, rabbits, etc., two of our villagers, a few days ago, went on an owl hunt. They saw ducks and other kinds of game, but they turned up their noses in supreme contempt and shouted "owls, owls, owls," until owls became their leading idea, their hobby and watchword; and soon, in imagination, they saw numerous flocks of owls in the far off distance, and they pursued this child of fancy, like as the voyager follows the deceitful mirage, until they came within gun shot of a multitude of owls (feathers), and finally succeeded in capturing one owl.

## Local Paragraphs.

Miss Edith Becker is quite sick.

Good-bye—to snow, cutters, and sleighs.

Hail, lovely Spring, with joy we welcome Thee.

Frank Hemenway was home at the dedication.

Frank Hartson is home from Hamilton college.

Mr. N. P. Webb is confined to the house by sickness.

Mrs. Dr. Radway has returned from a visit to her friends.

Fayette Peck is home from College spending his vacation.

"Hank" Clothier has moved into his house on Wayne street.

"Bill" Paxton has hired the Cunningham house for the present year.

Newton Freeman has rented the Downing house, on Jefferson street.

Mr. S. N. Gustin has bought back his horses, cattle, and farming utensils.

Mr. and Mrs. J. U. Manwarren are recovering from their recent sickness.

H. Stannard gave an opening party at Texas, on Friday evening, the 4th inst.

Persons desirous of renting rooms will do well to apply to William Sainsbury.

Fred Whitney and Frank Lambee have bought out J. R. Norton's dry goods store.

There will be service in the Episcopal Church next Sunday, both morning and evening.

In the city of Oswego wagons and other wheeled vehicles have supplanted cutters and sleighs.

Fred Whitney has moved into a part of the house occupied by John Cobb, on Wayne street.

Rev. W. F. Hemenway starts to-day (Tuesday) for Lowell, to attend the Conference in session there.

H. L. Cole, Esq. has bought the Truman Goodell place for something over nineteen hundred dollars.

Mr. and Mrs. Erasmus Blakeslee are now residing, temporarily, with John Blakeslee, Erasmus' brother.

Elder York starts for Conference to-day (Tuesday), and Elder Boyd intends to go on Friday next.

George Manwarren has moved on to the old Fish farm, about three-fourths of a mile south-west of the village.

Miss Nellie Tuller has taken rooms over Ballard's store, where we believe she will carry on the business of dress-making.

Mrs. Truman Goodell's house was broken into some time last week, and the thieves carried off hams, canned fruits, etc.

Mr. J. H. Hoose has been quite sick for a few days and, though better, so that he is in the streets again, is looking feeble.

Virgil & Stone have opened for business. They have a great influx of customers, and we predict for them a large share of public patronage.

Is there a mistake in the almanac, or is April a winter month? Judging from the weather spring could not have begun before last Sunday.

Rev. J. R. Lewis will preach an Easter sermon in the Presbyterian church next Sunday, and the Sunday-school will have an Easter concert in the evening.

The Presbyterian society will give an entertainment in Washington Hall, on Friday evening next. There will be a pantomime, charade, etc., and afterwards warm sugar.

A surprise party was given to Mr. and Mrs. James Larkin on Wednesday evening last. There were about thirty persons present, and a pleasant evening was spent in conversation, etc.

Mrs. Viola Vincent, wife of Rev. James Vincent, pastor of the Universalist Church in Barre, Vt., is visiting her parents, (Mrs. and Mrs. Phineas Davis), and other friends in this place.

Last Sunday, the Methodist society of this place raised \$2,000 to clear off the debt incurred by repairing their church. The hand on the lever was that of Rev. A. L. York, who proved himself a power.

Horace Henderson has removed from Pompey to the Adams farm, a little south of this village. He was a Mexico boy, and as he has many friends here, we think he will find it pleasant to be a Mexico man.

Frank Carpenter has traded his two tenement houses, one near the Empire Hotel and the other near the Union Cheese factory, for Lewis Sayles' farm, horse, cows, and farming utensils. We suppose Frank thinks the (hog) pen is mightier than the paint brush.

In a law suit between Wellington Barker and a North Scriba man, which came off on the 4th inst., "Well's" opponent was ordered to pay \$32 and costs. John Duncan McKee, for some time clerk to the county treasurer, conducted the case for Barker. Good for "Short." We hope he will be an honest lawyer.

A little girl, nine years of age, the oldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Boomer, of this town, was taken ill on Wednesday and died on Thursday of last week. On Saturday the remains were taken to Pulaski for interment. At that time two other children were sick, one of them very sick. Much sympathy is expressed for the afflicted family.

The firm of Stone, Robinson & Co., have dissolved by mutual consent. Mr. Robinson has retired, and Mr. R. A. Orvis, who has been in the employ of Mr. James Driggs for some time, will have charge of the clothing department. The firm will hereafter be known as the firm of George W. Stone & Co.

Mr. King Hill, an Oswego police officer, was in town last week, looking for a Mr. Rogers, supposed to be the person bearing the same name, who formerly resided in this vicinity, and who managed to swindle and cheat some of our townsmen out of money and other valuables by telling plausible stories about a wind-fall that he expected in a few days. The worst feature, however, about this wind-fall is that, though always falling, it never fell. Of late he has been playing his trick at or near Battle Island, the victim, a resident of that vicinity. He, in company with his victim, went to Oswego a few days ago, ostensibly for the purpose, on the part of Rogers, of drawing money from the bank, to pay for his board and money he borrowed from his unsuspecting victim, and while there stealthily bade him adieu.

## THE NEW ENGLAND INDUSTRIAL HOME.

Now that the New England Industrial Home has become an established fact, a description of the place where it has been located may not be out of place here. The farm house itself is a long, low, wooden building with an antiquated look about it. The number of rooms it contains is about ten in all, large and commodious. Attached to the main building is an outbuilding which can be used for the twofold purposes of a stable and a granary. The whole structure has a faded, weather-beaten appearance that suggests the number of years it has endured the war of the elements. The place is situated but a few rods from two railroad crossings—a circumstance which may prove dangerous to the future inmates of the home.

The first impressions of the location are not very favorable, for the extremely rocky nature of the soil is the first thing to strike the eye of a visitor. A few yards from the house is a gentle elevation which commands a beautiful view of the country for miles around. Before the eye is spread a scene peculiar to New England; low hills and valleys studded with well-cultivated farms and bright, white homesteads half hidden in the bosom of trees and fields of waving grain. It is here that the future home is to be built, should the funds of the society allow of it, and it must be confessed that a better location could not be found. A member of our party from Salem made a good hit at the enterprising manager of the Home, by remarking that his soaring ambition led him to choose a site where all the world could see it. The farther we walked on, the more were we impressed with the large extent of the place—fully fifty acres—and the fertility of its soil, for we saw, growing in different parts of the field, potatoes, cabbages, carrots, onions, beets, corn, squashes, etc. Apple trees there were in abundance; a pear tree was there also; but they yielded fruit which was rotten to the core. We were shown a quince tree which bore more fruit and brought more money than all the apple trees put together, on the farm.

When we returned to the knoll, the sun was low in the heavens shedding a sombre glory over the scene. Not a breath of wind was stirring. Everything was quiet; nature seemed to be in repose. Altogether the landscape, as seen through the dying splendor of sunset, was full of a quiet, solemn beauty that had a soothing effect upon our minds, driving away all thoughts of care and pain. This effect was heightened by a sight of the lowing herd slowly winding its way over the lea, recalling to our memory the exquisite lines of Gray's Elegy in a Country Churchyard. At least these were the impressions of one who has been born and bred in the walls of a city, and he may be pardoned for viewing nature through spectacles entirely different from those of the gazing rustics. But to return to the subject. A harbor, the Beverly Cove, I think they call it, washes the base of the farm



## Correspondence.

*Although our columns are open for the publication of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for, those expressed by any of our correspondents.*

### THE ONTARIO INSTITUTION NOTES.

BELLEVILLE, Ont., March 22, 1879.  
DEAR EDITOR:—In my last letter I gave a brief account of the different departments of our Institution, and in this one I will speak of general topics.

The school and work hours are the same as in the different deaf-mute institutions in the States, viz: work from 7 to 8:30, school from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M., leaving an hour and half for dinner and recess, and work again from 3:15 to 5:30 P. M.

On Saturday night, once a month, a literary entertainment is given to the pupils in the chapel by the Dufferin Literary Society which consists of the male officers and of the most advanced male pupils. It was organized a year ago, but since then the number of its members has rapidly increased and the By-Laws originally allowing a certain number, have had to be amended so as to allow nearly double that membership.

For a number of days last week the boys were playing foot-ball, there being no snow on the ground to prevent them, but now we have snow again coming down so furiously that it seems determined to stay with us. Indeed, we have had quite a change for the worse, the cold just now being very intense.

The other night some of our boys played a trick on one of their companions which may amuse some of your readers, as much as it did me when I heard of it. The moon was shining brightly, sending her beams straight through their dormitory windows, when one of them raised an alarm of fire. On investigation it was found that the fire was in the ceiling of their dormitory and it seemed as if it had burned its way through the floor of the dormitory above. The boys did not call up the supervisor or any other officer; they determined to put it out themselves without giving unnecessary trouble. The little but powerfully built German boy, about 19 years old, mounted on the top of the wardrobe to get at it, but he was too short to reach it. Then he took a pillow to beat it out but that would not do. He then jumped down and ran out barefooted, bare-legged, and bareheaded through the cold wind and snow to the pump to bring in a pail of water to throw upon the fire. By the time he returned, there was nothing to extinguish. The fire had mysteriously disappeared. The ceiling was quite dark except where the moonbeams were playing upon it from the windows. He began to suspect that some trick was being played upon him, and his suspicions were fully confirmed on seeing all the others in convulsions of laughter. It was quite true. A piece of looking glass had been on the window sill and reflected the light of the moon on the ceiling so strongly that it might easily be mistaken by a close observer for fire. All the chaps but our hero were in the secret, and well they kept it, too. They had fine fun, as the whole thing lasted an hour. The poor little German took the joke very good-naturedly, and quietly went back to bed.

A meeting of the Silent B. B. Club was held in one of the large rooms. It was the most enthusiastic ever held here. Mr. Greene was elected President. A strong nine was chosen with Thomas O'Brien as Captain. The boys are now in course of training. They will no doubt give a good report of themselves after they have played with the leading clubs in the city.

Yours sincerely,  
ZEPHYR.

### "FAIR PLAY" RECEIVES A REPLY.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Please insert these few lines in reply to "Fair Play's" communication in this week's paper (April 3d.)

Many thanks to "Fair Play" for his championship in my behalf, but being myself a lover of fair play, I feel it incumbent upon me to adjust the matter at once. If "Fair Play" had consulted me before writing the article in the JOURNAL, he could have ascertained that Mr. Loew has made the *amende honorable* to me some time ago, in the presence of another well known gentleman, and that all animosities between us are buried in oblivion.

I have not mentioned the matter to any one and it is therefore natural for my friends, and speaks well for their friendship, to step into the arena (as "Fair Play" has done) in my behalf.

Respectfully,  
THOS. A. FROELICH.

New York, April 3, 1879.

### TAKES AN INTEREST IN THE JOURNAL.

OVERLIN, O., March 29, 1879.  
EDITOR JOURNAL:—I have taken your very interesting paper for some time, and I want to tell you how much I think of it. It has given me much pleasure and I shall ask my friends to take it.

I have been deaf since I was six years old. And it has been a great blessing to me to be able to learn the mute language. I attended the Deaf and Dumb Institution at Columbus, O., for some time. I appreciate all efforts made for the benefit of those afflicted like myself. I do not see any deaf-mutes often but when I do, as affliction gives one sympathy for others, I am drawn toward them by a bond of sympathy that those cannot feel who have not been shut away from the sound of Nature's voices as well as all other pleasures connected with good hearing. Very respectfully,  
ALFRED D. PEARBODY.

### MISSION WORK IN WISCONSIN.

OMRO, Wis., March 28, 1879.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I have just returned from Milwaukee, where I held a service for the deaf-mutes of that city, on Tuesday evening, at the Chapel of All Saints Cathedral. The service was very well attended, and Dr. E. Spaulding, Dean of the Cathedral, made an address welcoming the mutes to the Cathedral and offering them the use of a room where they might meet for literary and social purposes once a week.

On the following evening, Wednesday, I presided at a meeting of the deaf-mutes which I called for the purpose of talking over with them the advisability of forming themselves into a "Guild" to be connected with the Cathedral. Mr. John Downey, Mr. Jacob Tyron and Mr. Ernest Boeckmann were appointed a committee to take the whole matter into consideration, to report at the next meeting in April.

It is now definitely arranged that I hold services for the mutes in Milwaukee every month at the Cathedral Chapel. The next service will be Tuesday evening, April 29th, at which I hope Bishop Welles will be able to be present.

It is a source of great pleasure to me to be again able to minister to the deaf-mutes in this way and I shall do all in my power to advance the interests of this new work. I was sorry not to meet Mr. P. S. Englehardt, upon whom I rely for information and advice. I trust he will be in town when I go down next month.

I am engaged to address the church people of Waupun on the subject of the Church's mission to the deaf and dumb, in April.

Very sincerely yours,

THOS. B. BERRY.

### NATIONAL DEAF-MUTE COLLEGE NOTES.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 3, 1879.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—By a vote of the teachers of the Sunday school, the time of holding our regular concerts was changed from once every month to once in two months, in the belief that more interest would be felt in the exercises of the day. It was also resolved that the services of some eminent men in the city or elsewhere should be secured for our benefit on Sundays, as often as desired. In accordance with this resolution, Rev. Dr. Chickering, father of our genial professor, was the first to be invited to our pulpit, and we listened to a temperance sermon from him full of practical hints and useful facts. Dr. Chickering has spent the best part of his life in the cause of temperance, and dying, his name will be blessed by hundreds of happy homes which he had saved from wretchedness and ruin. In the pursuit of his benevolent intentions, or in the discharge of what he considered a sacred duty, he is not afraid to enter the lowest haunts of vice and infamy. When the sermon was ended, there were among us many hearts thankful that they had none of the terrible effects of intemperance to dread.

Prof. Morse, of the city, who comes from a family distinguished for its benevolence and usefulness to mankind, was the second one to be invited. He and his brothers are the spirit and soul of the Young Men's Christian Association all over this country, even to the very heart of Canada. The professor of that name who has rendered to the world the greatest service which any man could render, in the invention of the telegraph, or at least in the carrying out of that idea, was an uncle of the lecturer. He went into a description of the origin, progress and growth of the Y. M. C. A. in this country and England. In the course of the lecture, we learned that in view of the many and various temptations which are thrown in the way of young men at college, and in view of the influence which the students will wield upon the destiny and progress of society in the near future, an association called the College Y. M. C. A. has been formed in the United States and Canada, for the purpose of winning as many of them as possible into the paths of rectitude and Christianity. May the good work prosper. This association will hold its next meeting in May, at Baltimore, and Lars M. Larson, who has been chiefly instrumental in forming a prayer meeting in this college, will attend it in person.

The other evening, as the students were filing out of the dining hall, their eyes were attracted towards a stiff, dark hat which lay in their way. Some knowing ones quietly stepped over it or passed by it, but the "green ones," carried away by their fondness for kicking, gave the dark object a terrific kick. But no sooner was the kick given than they began to hop around with a howl of pain and to nurse their injured feet with both hands. At last a Southern, who has been the subject of many tricks and to whom we owe a large debt of gratitude for a good many laughs, came along and was asked to kick the hat as far as he could. Suspecting something, he at first refused, and in order to disarm his suspicions, another student put his own hat beside the other and offered to bet that he could kick it farther than the Southern. Snatching the action to the word, he kicked his hat high in the air. The Southern, whose only fault was a too confiding generosity of disposition, fell into the trap, and not being in the habit of doing things by halves, he sent the hat and the brick, which it treacherously concealed, to a distance of several feet. However he had all the sweetness of revenge, the next moment, in seeing his deceiver punished in the same way and by the same means. In trying to impose upon another victim, the deceiver's foot came into closer contact with the brick than

was comfortable, the hats having been changed by some one, while his back was turned. This instance of the "biter bit" caused general satisfaction.

Abram Frantz has drawn a good picture of Prof. Porter in the act of exercising himself with his Indian clubs. He is standing upon two huge books, while on the shelves and scattered around the room are piles of others. Two large bottles with the following labels, "Water of Life," "Aqua Vitæ," could be seen upon a shelf. The likeness was drawn remarkably to the life. A copy of it has been lately sent to his brother, the president of Yale College, by one of the professors.

Gen. Dougherty has recently bought an edition of Shakespeare and a book of "Familiar Quotations." He is going to sharpen his famous gold pen preparatory to another war of words.

Alva Jeffords, with the consent of the Faculty, has left college, in order to obtain a position. Whether he will return next fall or not will depend upon his circumstances. We hope the goddess of Fortune will smile on his honest efforts for independence.

The Kendalls and Gallaudets have consolidated into one club. May peace and harmony dwell therein. The list of officers is as follows: Lester Goodman, '80, President; George T. Dougherty, '82, Vice President; J. J. Sansom '80, Secretary; Frank W. Shaw, Treasurer; J. P. Kelly, '81, Captain of the first nine; H. White, '80, Captain of the second nine.

The present Juniors take turns with the Seniors in having charge of the dining hall. This is an innovation of the established order of things, but as it was done at the express desire of the Seniors themselves, no harm will be done.

The examinations are over, but our holidays do not come until Easter week. After one day of rest, we took up our books again. When the holidays do come, they will be doubly welcome to us. In consideration of the good record we had made in scholarship during the month of January, one day will be added to the Easter vacation.

The month of March has for once proved true to its proverb. In the middle of the month, we were playing base ball, but at the last days, the wind was so cold that we took the foot ball from its place of concealment, where we had put it, thinking that we had done with it for the season. But now it is April, trees have put forth their buds and nature is putting on its livery of green. STUDENT.

### RAMBLER REPLIES TO SAMUEL ROWE.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I noticed in your last issue, March 28th, an article by Samuel Rowe in reply to my article, "Outside Views," published in the JOURNAL of December 24th, 1878. I will endeavor to reply as plainly as possible, although I think he has succeeded in beating about the bush better than he has in replying to my views. In regard to sectarianism I think that the less of this that enters into the church the better the members will be satisfied.

The Bible commands us to preach Christ crucified for our transgressions. Nowhere can I find that we are commanded to preach this or that ism before we preach Christ suffering for our sins. As for church organizations does not Christ say "where two or three are gathered together in my name there am I also"? What can be simpler than this? Where two or three are gathered together in His name God promises to be with them, and His promises never fail. This was the first church. But in later days man thought that he could improve on it, and so we have creed on creed, and precept, and doctrine, until the simple rules Christ gave us are covered up by them. "Where two or three are gathered together"—they may be unlettered and uncultured people, but they feel the need of Christ, they feel their ignorance, their weakness, and their failings. So they meet together; their voices unite in songs of praise for the goodness of the Almighty; they offer up petitions for guidance, and Christ is with them. One after another lifts up his voice and gives utterance to the promptings of his heart in supplicating for the blessing of the Most High to rest upon them; he will not take a refusal. Again and again he asks for help and guidance; and at last they depart on their several ways, feeling that the "Lord answer thy prayer." That is my sectarianism, if sectarianism it can be called. And it is the sectarianism and feeling that I would like to see all the deaf and dumb follow.

In regard to church organizations for mutes, I strongly favor union services, and my position is strongly supported by prominent mutes. One, on being written to on the subject replied: "As to my standing in favor of union services, my close, candid observation, with the opinions of my superiors in mute education is that the greatest good to the greatest number can be accomplished in that way." Bro. Rowe asserts that "Rambler says that once becoming publicly pledged is always a stimulus." I can find no such remark among my replies to his correspondence, yet I agree that such would be the case. On the whole I am much pleased with Brother Rowe's article, although doubtful if he comes out openly in favor of union services. In union there is strength. History tells us that if we wish to carry out our views and projects successfully, it can only be done by union. By thus combining together have all great objects been carried out, whether they were for war and conquest, or those of peace.

By uniting we can elevate ourselves both socially and religiously, for it is a well known fact that we (mutes) are, as a class, too much in the habit of yielding to others in religious as well as temporal matters.

There can be but one creed for mutes. Love! yes, the love of Christ implanted in our hearts is the only creed that should be followed by us; all other church doctrines should take a lower place compared to love. Of course, there must be forms of discipline, etc., in any church, of whatever denomination, still among mutes they should be as few and simple as possible. If the reverend gentleman will send me a copy of the creed used by him, I shall be pleased to see it. So, brother mutes, let us band together in union that we may escape the slavery of creeds and all isms that would bind our hearts down to the narrow ruts of any church doctrines, for I believe that the requirements of church membership should be as few and simple as possible; such as that we feel we are dependent on the Almighty; a feeling that He has pardoned our many transgressions, and a wish to unite ourselves with the visible church of God, that it may be known that we have shaken off the trammels of the world; that we have set our faces towards the heavenly mansions that the Saviour has prepared for all who follow after Him. For this is a belief in God, the Father of us all. For how are we to justify ourselves and what atonement can we make that our merits shall atone for or justify us in the sight of the Father?

It is evident that we have much to learn on the subject. Let not the slowness, the difficulty of progress discourage us, but rather awaken in us a higher reverence for Him who hath created us. Therefore let us look up "through Nature to Nature's God." I believe that the day will come when the advantages of union services will become better known among mutes, and that it will be yet adopted by the majority of them as more liberal in church tenets and as better suited to their needs. Brother Rowe hopes that Rambler will consider the necessity of getting up a silent church organization. I have only to say that I am in perfect concord with any and all mutes who wish to do so, and will help them with pen and tongue or any means in my power. Let us strike while the iron is hot! Let all who are in favor of union services speak out, for the columns of the JOURNAL are open for the discussion of all subjects of interest to mutes. There is no time to dally.

"Let us, then, be up and doing,  
With a heart for any fate;  
Still achieving, still pursuing,  
Learn to labor and to wait."

RAMBLER.

South Newcastle, March 31, 1879.

### NOTES FROM PROF. JOB TURNER.

CONCORD DEPOT, CAMPBELL Co., Va. March 27, 1879.

MY DEAR MR. RIDER:—Yesterday afternoon, my object in stopping over at this place on my way to Lynchburg was to pay my promised visit to my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Hart M. Chamberlayne. I took them by surprise, but they said they were very glad to see and welcome me. I need not say that I am enjoying my visit very much. A very pleasant and profitable recreation it is to the hard-working missionary. I wish I could stay here several days longer, but it is duty that will not permit my desire to be gratified. I wish to get off to Lynchburg to-morrow to prepare a service there next Sunday. Mr. Chamberlayne has quite a large family, that is, he has five bright children, four boys, and one girl, all of whom enjoy all their faculties in perfection, though their parents are deaf-mutes. One of these boys bears the noble name of Thomas Gallaudet. He is so named in honor of the Rev. Dr. Galludet, the general manager of the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes. You may judge of my pleasure in meeting with Mrs. Chamberlayne, my old pupil, one whom I had not seen for about twenty-one years. She speaks with accuracy, and is as intelligent as ever.

I will give you one incident of my trip from Norfolk to this station, which I think is worth publishing in the JOURNAL. We left Norfolk at six o'clock yesterday morning, and went over the High Bridge, one mile long, near Farmville, Va., which is the highest in the U. S., except the one over the Kentucky River. Soon after leaving that town, we passed in full sight of Randolph Manor, where John Randolph, of Roanoke, built small houses for his slaves when he set them free. He had made himself celebrated by making speeches in courts and Congress. He once fought a duel with Henry Clay, but he did not fire his pistol at him, as he did not wish to kill him, because he had a family. Randolph said he would prefer being killed, for he was a bachelor. Clay fired, but did not hit him. The difficulty being adjusted, they shook hands with each other, and afterwards made good friends. Randolph lived about 20 miles from this place, and was an eccentric man. When he rode out on horse-back, either for pleasure or on business, three of his slaves always accompanied him. He is known to have had several deaf and dumb relatives, among whom is Mr. Anthony, St. George Tucker, — Bolling, and his sister, and — Bentley. Mr. Bolling is still living at Goodland, C. H., Va., but the two others are both dead.

Mr. Bentley went to Scotland to get an education from Mr. Braidwood, when he was about to close his school life. Mr. Braidwood's son asked him whether there were any uneducated deaf-mutes in Virginia, to which he replied yes, which excited his desire to sail with him. Mr. Braidwood, the younger, taught Messrs. Bolling, St. George Tucker, and Mr. Hancock's oldest brother, John, several years. This was the first deaf-mute school in

the United States. Mr. Tucker was a nephew to the celebrated John Randolph of Roanoke, who was so much surprised at his ability to write first-rate, that he intended to leave him a large fortune by his will, but, unfortunately, St. George broke his heart in consequence of his sweet-heart's refusal to have him after a long courtship, which caused his insanity. Randolph was mad at the misfortune which had befallen him, and told the lady that she ought to have let him marry her, but she said she could not love him. If he had married her, he would have been left seven farms and about three thousand slaves, but his insanity caused Randolph to emancipate his slaves and give some of them each a piece of land to live on, and to give money to those who preferred moving to Ohio.

Hon. I. R. Tucker, representative to Congress from this district, is believed to be a nephew of St. George; he can spell well on his fingers. Messrs. Bolling, St. George Tucker, and Bentley always had two or three servants to accompany them on horseback. Mr. Bentley could not write well, and employed his body-servant who could make signs well, as an interpreter.

Mr. Bolling is believed to have kept a faithful journal of his and Mr. Braidwood's doings. I hope one day to look it over and report it for the JOURNAL. Mr. Braidwood would have done very well, but for the bottle to which he unfortunately fell a victim and went away. He has never been heard from since then.

Mr. Anthony Harvey Hancock, a graduate of the American Asylum, lives about twelve miles from here, and is growing old and feeble. I would like to visit him, but I am obliged to go away without seeing him. Mr. Hancock says he has no respect for Randolph, because he told his (Hancock's) father that he thought that deaf-mutes needed not learn to read and write, but that they must work at trades, because they could not hear. He did not go to school till he was thirty years old, when he and his deaf-mute brother Martin, now dead, were sent to Hartford. They would have gone there much younger, but for Randolph's unreasonable advice. Before he died he told his slaves to bury him by his house in his front yard and to keep his grave in good order, both of which they did.

About twelve miles from this farm stands the house in which Patrick Henry, the celebrated orator used to live. He was nine or ten times elected Governor of this State. He is said to have had a deaf-mute nephew, of whom I know nothing. I had the pleasure of being introduced to a granddaughter of Patrick Henry, in Staunton, Va., long ago.

About ten miles distant is the spot where Gen. Lee's surrender took place. I wish I could go and see it, but cannot do so at present.

Fred A. Gerrard, a deaf-mute of North Carolina, and a graduate of the American Asylum, was shot by a guard at Lynchburg. The guard told him to "halt," but the latter continued walking into outer lines, and the guard shot him, not knowing him to be deaf and dumb, before the close of the war.

This morning Mr. Chamberlayne and I walked two miles to see Miss Nora Shearer, a fine deaf-mute lady, once my pupil, and we had a pleasant visit with her and her parents. Miss Shearer lost her deaf and dumb sister, Ann, by death about three years ago. Ann was once under my instruction. She was always contented with her lot, because she said "Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight." While she was on her death-bed, she called her parents and others around her, and she said, "I am going, but I am going away, sent for the family Bible, read every verse in the twenty-seventh chapter of Psalms, singing it at the same time with her calm face upwards, without using any signs. What a great wonder it was that she could sing it with a good voice, which she could not do at all while she had her health. After she had sang, she turned her face to Mrs. Chamberlayne, and asked her by signs if she could hear her sing, to which she replied, "No." Ann said God had given her ability to sing, and that she found it sweet to sing, of which she had no idea before she was taken ill. She told Mrs. C. that she would repeat the same chapter to her by signs. The next day, she sent for the family again, signed the fourteenth chapter of John, sang two or three more songs and afterwards closed her earthly life with a firm faith in the immortality of the soul beyond the grave. Just before her departure, she bade her last farewell and fell asleep in Jesus, without a struggle or a groan or even one long breath, on the 22d of April, 1876, aged 25 years.

While she was under my instruction she always bore a good character as a pupil and a lady. Her sister was at the Staunton school, when she departed this life. She sent her last parting message from her death-bed. We saw her grave, besides which lies that of her deaf and dumb brother who breathed his last, not long ago, at the age of 15 years. They were going to send him to the Virginia Institution when, sad to say, death carried him off.

Arrowheads are found here in abundance, from which I infer that this place was once inhabited by the Indians. According to custom, the Indian chiefs and brave warriors were buried in round mounds, sodded with grass from the base to the top, and the common Indians, in square ones. Mr. Chamberlayne has kindly given me as a present a good number of the arrow heads, which I shall value, as relics of my cabinet of curiosities. From him, I have also received a kind present of bullets, &c., picked from the old

battle field of Appomattox, C. H., where Gen. Lee is known to have surrendered. I have always believed that it was only starvation which compelled him to put an end to the war, though the number of the Federals was a great deal greater than that of the confederates. Gen. Grant is said to have asked Gen. Lee how many soldiers he had under his command, and he, to have replied "nine thousand."

I have had it from Madame Rumor that Henry Lloyd, an eccentric deaf-mute of Hartford, Conn., expired at Asheville, N. C. How true it is, however, I do not know, because I have been told at another time that he was visiting his brother in New Jersey. He is well known to have had a strong mania for collecting minerals. I am told that during his stay at Asheville, he, one morning, went to a neighboring hill and found an abundance of quartz thereon, about which he was so crazy that he filled six barrels with them and kept them in his chamber for a long time. For what purpose is still buried in mystery. He is said to have taken off his boots one day, because he had not succeeded in finding any minerals that day, but afterwards found some. He seems to have thought that taking off boots in any unsuccessful undertaking is a good sign of future success. Perhaps he was right in this superstition, for he succeeded in picking up some.

From this farm can be seen the Peaks of Otter, from which Tennessee and North Carolina can be gotten a glimpse of.

Mr. Chamberlayne lives on this fine farm of 180 acres which he has bought out of his own pocket, and which he is improving well with his own hands. From what he has told me about the philosophy of agriculture, I believe he will make a successful farmer, before long. He is related by blood to John Hampden and Oliver Cromwell, both great men of England, and also a cousin to General Washington. He belongs to the best families of Virginia. I regret to have to part with him and his sweet wife, after so short a visit, to go to Lynchburg, Va., where I am to have a service next Sunday.

Yours sincerely,  
JOB TURNER.

### NEW YORK INSTITUTION NOTES.

DEAR JOURNAL:—Again I must ask pardon for my delay in transmitting my fortnightly budget, as we are very busy preparing for Easter, and hence our tardiness.

On Saturday evening, March 22d, Prof. Jenkins, instructor of the high class, entertained the Fanwood Literary Association with a lecture on "The Plague in London in 1665." For nearly two hours the professor held the attention of a large and appreciative audience with his thrilling account of the horrors, deaths, and evils of pestilence. Upon the close of the lecture a vote of thanks was tendered the lecturer amid great applause.

Dr. Edward M. Gallaudet, President of the National College for Deaf-Mutes, and a gentleman well known among us, visited the Institution on the 26th inst., and remained till the following day. During his stay he looked over the different school rooms and shops, greeting all with a kind word or a winning nod. We trust he arrived home safely and that his visit, though of a business character, was not void of interest and pleasure.

The Pedestrian mania broke out among us last week to such an extent that our genial Superintendent, Dr. Porter, in his character of conservator of the general health, fearing that some hair-brained pupil might attempt to walk his legs off, put a summary stop to the excitement by prohibiting the indulgence in such fatiguing trials of endurance till further notice. The Dr. shows that he possesses a level head in keeping our pupils' legs in good condition for the grand walk home next June.

Prof. F. D. Clarke delivered a lecture by means of the stereopticon, to the second division, on the evening of March 28th. The views embraced the different sections of the Exposition and were very fine. The pupils enjoyed all the wonders of this great show at no cost and while seated at their ease, safe from all trouble and inconvenience. Among the most beautiful views shown were that of the Champ de Mars, the Grotto (interior and exterior), the Garden of the Trocadero, the Rue de Nations and the French and Italian collection of statuary. Much praise is due the professor for the interesting manner in which he delivered his discourse.

At Fort Lee, on the Jersey shore, is being erected a spacious hotel and floating bath, which for beauty and size promises to be the peer of all the hotels on the Hudson river. It has a fronton on the river of 360 feet and when completed it is estimated it will be worth \$500,000. Seen from the Institution dock, which it is almost opposite, it presents a magnificent sight and the boys are already anticipating the fun they will have on Saturdays and other holidays.

Our weekly Sunday services are enlivened by the adoption of a new system of choir services. It has usually been the custom for the whole congregation to unite in the rendering of the hymn appropriate to each Sunday's text. Of late, however, this has given way to a more interesting form in which a class of young ladies and another class of little girls on each alternate Sunday form a choir for rendering, in the beautiful language of signs, the hymns selected. On the afternoon of Sunday, March 9th, the younger class rendered "Nearer, my God, to Thee" in a most touching manner, and reflected great credit on their instructor, and on the following Sunday the older pupils gave "Just as I am," in language that brought tears

to the eyes of many present. The hymn for last Sunday, "Rock of Ages," was also delivered by the older pupils and with the same success. For next Sunday we have been promised — to be delivered by the younger pupils, and, if there are enough girls remaining at Easter, we shall, doubtless, have a double treat. However, this is not very likely, as a great many of the pupils spend Easter with their parents and friends.

The high class boys are busy getting the Evangeline ready for launching; they are stimulated in their efforts by the desire of making a trip to the Jersey shore to get a nearer view of the hotel which has such a grand appearance when viewed from our side of the river.

There are some negotiations going on between the Board of Directors of this Institution and a committee appointed by the Resolute Boat Club. The club agrees to present a six-oared gig with fixtures to the members of the High Class in consideration of being allowed the use of our chapel for a few evenings, to give an entertainment. The boys are anxiously awaiting the decision of the directors.

The track which the Fanwood Athletic Club spent so much time and money upon, is about to be cut through, it being on the line of the Boulevard extension. Laborers are now busy at work and by next fall will have completed the Boulevard as far as Fort Washington. The new road is just south of the Institution garden; and about 300 yards nearer to the Institution buildings than the main gate, which opens into 10th avenue.

The Educator is rapidly becoming popular and, in consequence, its circulation larger and larger. Two years ago 1,000 copies were printed monthly; in 1878 it was found necessary to print 1,500 and the last issue for March numbered 1750. Notwithstanding what is said against it, the Educator seems to be on the high road to success, to judge by its circulation.

Debates, having come and gone in their order, Saturday evening, March 29th was devoted to a social reunion in the young ladies' sitting-room. Here all the pupils assembled at 7 P. M., and passed a very pleasant evening, returning at 8:30 to pursue their pleasures in the land of Nod.

Notwithstanding the fact that there are three supervisors in charge of the boys, the order is not half equal to that of former times. Under the management of the late Richard E. Bull, and Martin Brown, the most perfect order was always preserved and this, too, when either of them alone had charge. It seems strange that at the present time, with two supervisors more than formerly, that order among the boys is unknown except in the school rooms or when they are under the care of a teacher. This is the result of the foolish idea entertained by the head of the Administrative department that hearing and speaking persons are superior to deaf-mutes.

This evening the lecture delivered to the second division last week will be repeated for the benefit of the first division, and to-morrow evening will be spent by the F. L. A. in the discussion of the question, "Which exerts the most influence the press or the pulpit?"

F.  
Washington Heights, April 4, 1879.

### A Bridal Tour Under Difficulties.

NORTH INDIANAPOLIS, April 2, 1879.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Your readers will be surprised to learn in your JOURNAL about our western bridal tour in the summer of 1875, in flood time. We spent half the summer in visiting our relatives and friends in Terre Haute, Worthington and Bloomfield. We left Terre Haute on our way to Worthington and Bloomfield in a rain. It was an unpleasant trip we had. There was high water in towns that did much damage to crops. Three hundred head of cattle were lost in the freshet and a few thousand hogs. The water was said to be 18 feet high in some places. We saw no trains, no hacks came for two weeks. We had to stay longer than we expected. We got to Worthington by crossing the White River in a ferry boat. I was afraid to ride on a ferry boat; some thing would happen to us, some accident, perhaps we should be drowned. We reached Worthington Depot safely, however, and had to wait for two or three hours for a train to come from Vincennes.

My brother and wife and a little girl went to W— depot with us to see us start on the cars. They rode there with horse and buggy. We traveled on the railroad slowly. In the cars I found no other lady—only some men. It was dangerous to travel on account of the tracks that were washed out. We saw an engine and baggage car that were upset on the side of the river. The track was washed out near Spencer. We reached Indianapolis in safety, without any railroad accident, late in the night.

We were invited to take tea with Mrs. J. L. Houdysholl, at her father's. She was formerly Miss Clara Ruegrave. Miss Mary Harill was with us there. Mrs. Houdysholl wrote and invited her husband to come to Terre Haute and take tea with Clara, but she was sadly disappointed that he did not come. We were all very sorry that he could not be with us. She has a good husband who is a very intelligent teacher.

The Udell ladder making is a good business and steady. We are going East in July to spend all summer with relatives and friends in New York State. We expect to meet our old friends at the mute convention in August, after many years. I have not seen my old school friends since I came west in 1853.

MRS. W. W. MILES.



